



The Interspecies Newsletter

Winter

2000

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A Small Death

Just after dawn, aboard the sleek and elegant jet boat Shelmar moored inside the jetty of the Port Hardy marina on the northern tip of Vancouver Island. A significant wind is blowing up white caps, even inside the tiny harbor. I'm, no wild seaman, turn introspective over the thought of encountering rough seas if we stick to our plan of searching for orcas offshore. I tell my colleague and skipper, Bob, that I'm happy to spend the morning dallying over small talk and omelets at some warm little cafe in town. We can check the marine forecast again in a few hours?

Bob shakes his head, "What's a little weather? We've only got a few days here. We need to meet the whales, and test the new underwater sound system." I purse my lips. He smiles. "If there's no orcas around, the harbormaster told me about a herd of 20 gray whales sited yesterday along the lee of a cape that separates Queen Charlotte Strait from the Pacific Ocean." I turn on the radio. The crackling deadpan of the marine forecast verifies my hunch of a mounting gale. But Bob's listening to the weather report, not as the small craft warning I hear, but as an opportunity to have some fun jetting through the swells. He clearly enjoys testing the seaworthiness of his uncanny boat that skims over the top of the most improbable waves as if it's got an invisible helicopter prop glued to the bottom of the hull.

He persists. I acquiesce. So off we go, out of the harbor and into the chop at 22 knots, searching for the orcas offshore. Two hours pass. We seem to have scanned every possible inlet and channel among the uninhabited Deserter's archipelago. I suspect the whales headed south, back to their home waters of Robson Bight in Johnstone Strait. I'm feeling knotty inside. Bob's in heaven.

But the waves continue to grow, until even my intrepid skipper needs a break. We leave the open Strait, sidle into a skinny channel set between the dark cliffs of



two steep islands. It looks like a habitat King Kong might enjoy. I mutter to myself. Bob smiles, throws me half a Hershey bar, slows down the boat, then tells me he wants just a few more minutes before heading back to the harbor.

There is much to see here. Untold colonies of purple and orange sea urchins swaying in the wind and waves, giant cedars draping to the tide line, an ancient shell midden sparkling white at the head of sheltering cove. A vast school of chum salmon roils to the surface beside the boat, then lingers with their backs above water. A few of them lift their heads to look us in the eye, as if beckoning me to test the local fisherman's myth of walking across the strait on their backs? We turn a corner to gape at the long view down a long fiord to faraway snow-capped mountains rising along the mainland of Canada thirty miles to the east.

Bob pulls further back on the throttle, slowing the boat to a crawl, starts scanning the water's surface for any sign of a hidden reef. He jerks to attention, his face drains of color. "What the hell is that? A dog? A deer? I follow his finger, see it too. Yes, it's a small doe midway in the channel, apparently swimming the 200 yard-wide gap between one island to the next. We motor right on past the animal,



silently agreeing that it doesn't deserve the extra stress of having us intrude while its in such a vulnerable position. But our eyes keep turning back for another look. I can't believe a land animal could last five minutes in this forty-five degree water.

"That's a long way to swim. This water's awfully cold," I blurt out to Bob. "She may need a hand getting through that kelp lining the other shore.

"Sounds good to me," answers Bob, turning the boat about so we face the swimming animal as she continues to make slow progress across the channel. Bob turns off the engine, reaches for his video camera.

Displaying Emotion

I search for some sign of panic or exhaustion in the animal's face. Her eyes seem wider than normal, but otherwise she shows me nothing. I even cock an ear, as if expecting her to shout for help in plain English. Still nothing. These sentiments seem to verify my hunch that human beings are a vain species, always searching our own motivations to explain the behavior of other species. Observing wild animals close-up, especially animals caught in a drama, I expect them to plainly display emotions on their faces the way humans do. I study the deer's face hoping to discern some emotion—fear, courage, exhaustion. But most animal species, including deer, lack pliable facial muscles that work autonomously to express the machinations of a busy brain. Even the dolphin's Mona Lisa smile is frozen in place, a circumstance of muscular evolution, probably signifying nothing to another dolphin although it spawns an indelible mythology among humans who interpret it as a sure sign of unabashed bliss.

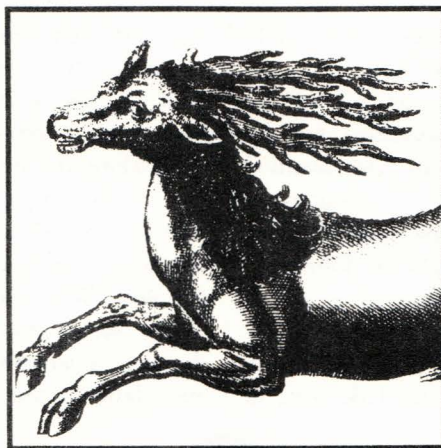
To learn another species' emotion more likely necessitates a conscious avoidance of the face altogether. We do far better to pay attention to the polar antipodes of the body, the ears, the set of a tail, as well as the overall posture. In all my years of observing and interacting with animals

in their own habitat, the only species that ever fit Walt Disney's naïve facial anthropomorphism is the beluga whale, a being who twists and turns its lips and cheeks to display levels-upon-levels of incomprehensible emotion.

We draw closer to the wet deer so we're looking directly into its deep brown eyes, Bob's face drains a second time. "Why it's just a yearling," he blurts out. "Couldn't be more than thirty pounds. What the hell does she expect to find on that far island that wasn't on the near island?"

I shrug my shoulders; observe that she swims quickly and efficiently despite hooves which offer little drag against the water. Her head rises well above the surface, suggesting that her body must offer some unaccountable source of buoyancy. I trace her path backward to a likely embarkation point and notice a deep cut in the cliff where the animal must have sauntered out of the forest to make her way to the shore. The destination island looks far less accessible except for a small flat shelf jutting a foot above the low tide line, and lying directly before her. Indeed, her path displays some inner wisdom.

The deer finally approaches the shallows of her destination, but then makes a calamitous mistake. Rather than swimming around a thick stand of bull kelp that looms in front of the small landing, she chooses to swim right into it, attempting to push her way through. She plows forward, making a bit of progress, but then gets stuck, flailing her neck and legs without success. One



Deer, Matthaus Merian (1670)

moment I only hear the wind. Now I hear her breathing hard, and it subdues all other sounds in my world.

Pushing Kelp

Bob looks at me in dismay. "We can't just sit here and watch her drown." Then he turns pensive. "But if we move the boat closer, we could end up hitting the deer, and also get the boat stuck in the kelp. What do you think?"

"Let's wait another minute and see what happens."

Bob starts the engine, positioning the boat right at the edge of the 10 foot-thick kelp bed, just six feet behind the trapped deer. He turns off the engine. We watch.

She seems to be succeeding in her mission, inching forward, deflecting one heavy strand of kelp at a time, only to get caught up in the next strand in line. Ten more minutes pass, much too long a time to avoid hypothermia. The deer has only three more feet to go until the kelp gives way. From there it's only three feet to shore. She appears so close to her destination that I wouldn't be surprised if she was already touching bottom.

Then her forward progress stops. Her legs are clearly caught by a thick strand of kelp we can not observe on the surface. She's starting to shake, her head lunges forward, while her eyes peer back directly at Bob and I. It's a glance that seems to be begging for help. I feel myself getting very agitated, turn to Bob, "She's not going to make it. Let's move the boat in closer, I'll use the boat hook to peel that kelp away from her back legs."

Bob moves the boat forward. I grab the boat hook, climb onto the bow, fall down on my belly and reach down. Damn it. The bow sits much too high above the water to let me simply grab hold of her by the scruff of her neck and pull her bodily up on deck. I grab the boat hook, start pulling and pushing at the kelp, evicting one piece after another from the doe's hind



Deer, Matthaus Merian (1670)

legs. She kicks forward another sixteen inches. I turn my head, hold my arms sixteen inches apart to signal Bob to inch the boat forward just a tad. He does so. I start pushing at the kelp directly in front of the deer's head, pull the heaviest piece right out of the water, but practically upend the deer in the process.

I start screaming at Bob to bring me a kitchen knife. He finds one, hurries up beside me. The deer is huffing a puffing, lying on her side, fighting just to keep her head above water. I reach down clumsily, cut the kelp in one lunge, then another, and another. The deer turns upright again. Her way is open. She starts inching forward, finally stands clear of the kelp.

Bob and I stand above her like two Greek Gods peering down from Olympus. She lunges for a firm foothold on the slippery rocks. She is standing! But then attempts to pull her body upward out of the water onto the shelf of the shore. She misses, loses her balance, falls backward six inches. Her head is underwater.

She can't lift her head! Her legs are trembling out of control. She tries to swim forward but starts turning in place, like a dog circling its bedding. Her head is still underwater. Her body starts shaking uncontrollably. Then she

stops. She dies right there before us; Transmuted from a living being with huge soulful eyes to just another piece of wet flotsam wedged against the litter of the shore.

Assigned Meaning

Bob and I retreat along the gunwales back to the warmth of the wheelhouse. He guns the engine in reverse, eases us off the kelp, which is a painless task in a boat with no propeller. Then he turns off the engine in mid-channel. We both stare at the water, the shore, the trees; sit lost in our own feeble thoughts, hopelessly trying to make sense out of this gut-wrenching experience. We sip tea, listen to the howling wind blow the clouds into overdrive.

A day passes. Journalist Liam Moriarty comes aboard to interview me for the *National Public Radio* weekly show *Living on Earth*. He's accompanied by sound engineer Joe Olson who's joined us to troubleshoot the new underwater sound system. The next day, Joe helps us record a breathtaking interaction between myself and the very playful orcas in G pod. Liam gets the interaction on tape. The best moment occurs when I start playing bottleneck guitar in the gospel style of Blind Willy Johnson. For 30 seconds, the orcas precisely follow my chord changes. It's remarkable stuff.

Despite the camaraderie of four guys living together on a boat enjoying the locus of music and whales on the fiords of Northern Vancouver Island, it is the wild eyes of a dying deer that remain foremost in my memory of the trip. Her eyes were so unaccountably large, as if answering the koan from the old Beatles tune: "Have to be good-looking, 'cuz it's so hard to see." Big brown-black pools of vitality, expressing a fear and a weariness that I can only intuit (or invent) in hindsight.

Bob and I have tried to settle between us what we experienced, tried to assign meaning where there was none to be found. We have concocted an explanation that brings us a small

measure of closure. The deer had been immersed in the frigid water for half an hour. It was already a goner from hypothermia by the time we freed it. Furthermore, the kelp was the only thing keeping the deer upright with its head above water.

Bob and I are not the types to linger over the event we witnessed. We have discussed it in passing once or twice, and agree that we acted correctly in a difficult situation. The wild animal fended for itself until it became amply clear that intervention alone could conceivably save it.

Witnessing a natural death is always difficult, yet strangely worthwhile as well. Although the emotions that well up in us we can never understand, nonetheless they grant us a practical grounding to a mysterious rite of passage. That grounding brings with it the gift of creation, the building of an unexpected monument in the form of memories.

I have been told that hypothermia offers a gentle way to leave this life. The mind numbs in synchrony with the limbs, extracting all sensation, incentive, and reason from our consciousness. Then again, who am I to describe how a deer experiences hypothermia, let alone it's own death? So I must ask you to indulge me this one particular memory—that the cold had completed its narcosis before the deer's head fell beneath the water for the last time. And know that I shall see those eyes forever, the keepsake of a private struggle that led to an otherwise inconspicuous death.

Orca Research

Our unsuccessful attempt to save a deer, was not the only thing of consequence that occurred during IC's October boat expedition to the northeast coast of Vancouver Island.

It was the first time we'd attempted to interact with the orca pods in the area since 1992. During the 1980s, we had visited this area each

summer for up to a month at a time, setting up our boat as a recording studio and then inviting musicians, visual artists, spiritual leaders, and families to spend time with the whales. For three years in a row, we invited Tibetan Lamas to join our experiment in interspecies communication, encouraging them to chant their Buddhist prayers through our underwater sound system. We ended the multi-year project because the environment had altered so significantly during the years of our tenure. The surrounding land had transmuted from a wilderness to a vast tree farm. Increased boat traffic, including whalewatching, generated too much noise, making it impossible to record the whales without also hearing the throb of motors. We had tried hard to keep our own project benign and low-key, always anchoring in the same cove, always letting the whales come to us. But we could not help but feel that the problem was primarily an issue of too many humans, no matter what their intent.

Seven years is a long time to be away from these whales whom I'd visited every summer for twelve summers in a row. I missed the sublime relationship and the community of people that grew up around the project. Unfortunately, this last visit only verified that development has accelerated in the strait during the intervening years. During our first night at the old anchorage, we dropped a hydrophone to listen for the whales. We suspected that they were gone, although there was not a single moment all night long when at least

one loud ship could not be heard cruising the strait. We soon learned that the orca pods that had resided in this part of the strait for decades had abandoned the area earlier this past summer. They moved further north, to a locale away from the main shipping channel, and—most intriguingly—just beyond the reach of the several whalewatching boats that had harassed them for years.

Bob Wood and I traveled thirty miles further north on the jet boat Shelmar, into Queen Charlotte Strait, where we met the whales three times over the next five days. We employed the same benign methodology that had worked so well in previous years, always allowing the whales to set the terms of the relationship, and never chasing them once they decided to end the interaction. Exciting new audio technology permitted us superb underwater sound quality in both transmitting and monitoring capabilities.

For two days, National Public Radio's Liam Moriarty came aboard to document the interspecies music-making for the NPR show, *Living on Earth*, which was aired nationally in early December. He was joined by underwater acoustic engineer, Joe Olson, who helped us troubleshoot the sound system and record the resultant interactions. IC thanks Bob Wood for donating so much of his own time, his wonderful boat, and making this audio equipment available to IC.

Two of the recordings we made with the whales were spectacular, in fact, they were as good as anything we'd produced during our prolonged orca project in the 1980s. Both the whales and the guitars sound clearer than ever before. The sound system allows us to better balance the unnatural differences in volume that occur as a result of the whales vocalizing a few hundred yards from the recording hydrophone, while the transmitting speaker and the hydrophone are located less than ten yards apart dangling off either side of the boat.

The recorded interactions were heartening to me because they

demonstrate that the whales are just as interested in communicating with us as we are in meeting them. This sense of quickly establishing a process of engagement has inspired Bob, Joe, and I to return to the whales in the spring of 2000; to try again, and hopefully record enough material to release a CD. Keep tuned.

Interspecies.com

If you would like to listen to the human/whale interactions from our October recording session, visit the IC website (www.interspecies.com) to download two 30-second excerpts in either .mp3 or .rm format. If you've never listened to music over the internet it's not that difficult to set up. Go to MP3.com or Liquidaudio.com to download a "media player", and then configure it for both freestanding use and as a browser plug-in. Or if you'd prefer send an email to beluga@interspecies.com, and I'll be glad to send the excerpts via email.

IC is now developing an email list of members, sponsors, and interested newsletter readers. Please recognize that we have no intention whatsoever to sell or in any way distribute the names on our email list. But we will keep you informed of events, and media we produce. For instance, last month we notified 200 people about the NPR radio show. We have also sent out excerpts of the new orca recordings to everyone on our growing list.

The Internet is fast becoming IC's vehicle of choice for media distribution. If you missed the *Living On Earth* interview, you can still hear it by clicking on the archive link at LOE.com. On other fronts, the IC website has recently become a featured link on Tappedintotheearth.com. With 1.6 million hits per month, this commercial site is fast emerging as the largest and one of the most thoughtful environmental portals on the entire Internet. Specifically, they are highlighting an essay that appeared in a recent Interspecies Newsletter about the initiative



Cocle Pot Design (Panama 15th century)

to grant cetaceans political sovereignty under the United Nations Trust Territory Plan. This initiative was first conceived by John Lilly in the early 1970's, and subsequently expanded upon by Jacques Cousteau, Michael Bailey of Greenpeace, Scott Taylor and Jim Nollman.

The Interspecies website has added other new features besides the audio excerpts of human/orca music. There is a "bulletin board" for anyone wishing to comment about the site or any of the issues IC raises. The board was designed by Unishare, and donated by longtime IC supporter Dani Colajacomo. Our site has also been catalogued by the CERN Switzerland Virtual Library search engine. Do a search on any word or phrase (try beluga, raven, or wolf) to learn more about our program, our graphics, our newsletter stories, or 75 book reviews.

Eventually, we may even distribute The Interspecies Newsletter in an electronic format (Adobe Acrobat, HTML) directly to our members via email. By alleviating the current printing and mailing expenditure, our financial and labor savings would be considerable, giving the organization an extra \$2000 a year to use for projects. Hopefully, this concept will become a reality by winter 2001. Tell us what you think of getting the newsletter via email.

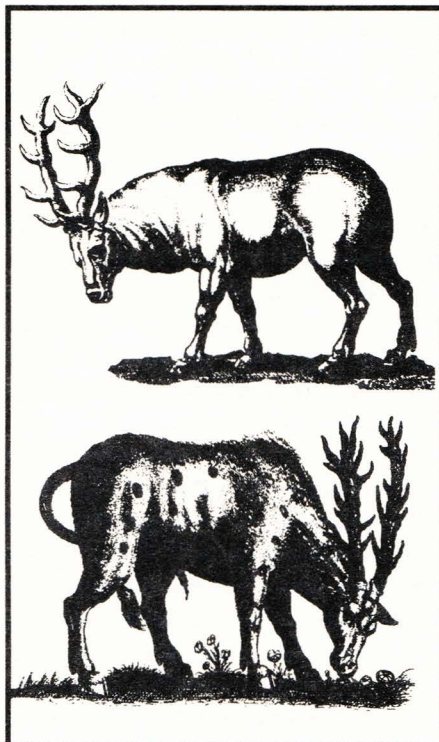
Toxic Humans Make Toxic Whales

Kyodo News Service
MATSUYAMA, Japan, Nov. 30

Japanese researchers recently confirmed that an organic chlorine compound known as TCP methanol, which is suspected to be a hormone-disrupting substance, is accumulating in human tissue. The research was conducted by Keio University's college of medicine. The group analyzed fat

tissue from 14 male and female patients at a Tokyo hospital with ages ranging from 29 to 87. They detected the substance in all of their subjects, with concentrations averaging 6.9 parts per billion (ppb).

As alarming as this study is, the levels found in humans were low compared with concentrations found in other mammals, such as the 1,600 ppb in killer whales in waters close to Japan



Two Deer, Matthaus Merian, 1670

and 170 ppb for Caspian seals. Ehime University professor Shinsuke Tanabe suggested the main sources of contamination are fish and meat.

The chemical impedes the functioning of the endocrine system, leading to low sperm counts and mental deterioration in humans. TCP methanol does not occur in nature, but is produced entirely at industrial sources around the world. The chemical is also regarded as one of the culprits responsible for the recent die-off of orcas in Puget Sound and the demise of beluga whales, polar bears, and seals across the Arctic basin. The substance travels by current, and is now found in all the world's oceans, accumulating in Arctic waters.

1. Two recently published anthologies by The Traveler's Tales Guides include stories that originated in The Interspecies Newsletter. *The Guide to Hawaii*, includes an essay about playing music in the waters off the Big island with spinner dolphins. Included in *The Gift of Birds* is a story about a two-day encounter with a raven on the Arctic Plains of the MacKenzie River Delta.

2. As mentioned in the last newsletter, a consortium of ten European science museums will present the traveling exhibition: *New Directions in Communication* during the year 2000. IC's work with various cetacean species is one of four subjects covered by the exhibition. We represent the theme of a study that utilizes both artistic and scientific techniques, but which can not be easily categorized as either art or science. IC director Jim Nollman will open the exhibition in Helsinki Finland with a presentation about IC's current project to research ancient Russian petroglyphs showing shamans communicating with beluga whales as a recipe for developing relations with the progeny of those same whales today.

3. IC was well-represented at the annual ICERC whale and dolphin conference held at Versailles, France this past November. The next two conferences will occur in Tenerife, and then Tokyo.

As at most conferences, the truly exciting discussions occurred far from the stage. Much networking with European eco-tour leaders, has led to the distinct possibility of IC assembling a team to travel to the Azores to scout the potential for a communication project with sperm whales. These beings possess a brain five times larger than a human's, and are speculated to communicate among one another using echolocation clicks. This implies a language based on holographic ideograms, something like talking in 3-D movies. Hard to grasp what that means. Or how to communicate with them directly.

Orcas Greatest Hits

Two years ago, IC initiated a long-term strategy to bolster its historical reliance on non-profit fundraising. Recent advances in computer technology had finally made it feasible for a small office like ours to own professional-level tools for audio and image editing, sound recording, photo printing, and website design and management. The growth of the Internet was making it possible for a rurality-based company like IC to take full control over the promotion, and distribution of products. We just needed the right computer and contacts.

To acquire the tools, we solicited support from a few private foundations leading to several discount purchases on the Ebay auction. We also received generous gifting of hardware and software from Digidesign, Adaptec, Bias, ATTO, Connectix, Macromedia, Microsoft, Steinberg, Infowave, and Arboretum.

The Mac workstation is finally operative. And our website is starting to receive the kind of international attention that is naturally attracted to an elegant and creative presentation.

To learn the difficult process of digital audio, we started by re-mixing an old standby, the commercial cassette of human/whale interactions called *Orcas Greatest Hits*. The cassette was re-recorded into the Mac, then transformed using software tools that turn mono into stereo, and erase noise without affecting musical content. The process of reducing noise was remarkable, like stripping coats of varnish off a musty painting to reveal unexpected nuances of color underneath. As the hiss from the old format disappeared, the sounds of the water and the calls of the orcas suddenly gained new substance. We were ready to make our first CD.

The CD artwork was created in-house, from images lifted from an old Interspecies Newsletter. The master CD was made with much-appreciated volunteer help from Seattle recording engineer Chad Burrington.

Over the years, IC has sold about 2000 copies of *Orcas Greatest Hits*, entirely by word of mouth, and without any advertising whatsoever. The new CD possesses such unexpected quality that we have decided to promote it, not as a remake of the old cassette, but as a brand new product. This decision proved correct at the recent ICERC conference in Paris, when all our copies sold out within an hour of putting them on display. Whether or not you own the cassette, we highly recommend getting the CD. The CD recently attracted a national distributor, Eartheat based in Santa Fe, with a website at Eartheat.com. Check it out.

We regard this whizzy technology as just a means to an end. Recorded material that has sat untouched in a closet for years, will now get a proper airing. This winter, we'll start listening to IC's entire tape library containing over 100 hours of human/orca interactions recorded in the 1980s. IC also has interspecies recordings with turkeys, wolves, humpback whales, pilot whales as well as audio interviews with dolphin communicators Frank Robson and John Lilly. We can produce CDs right in our office, and burn them one at a time as the interest presents itself.

Perhaps more importantly, the technology motivates IC to consider new projects that emphasize the production of terrific underwater field recordings. Possessing these tools certainly influenced the decision to spend two weeks with the orcas this past October after an eight year lull. In 2000, IC is either planning or negotiating seagoing trips to interact with beluga whales in Russia, orcas in Canada, humpbacks in Alaska, and sperm whales in the Azores. Each trip will provide an opportunity to record new material, and potentially post an audio/video diary directly onto our website from the boat. Anyone with internet access anywhere in the world will be able to experience the interspecies relationship even as it unfolds.

But to do that, we need one more tool, a mac laptop computer for the field. So in a way, our fundraising is not yet complete.

Book Reviews

The Wild Within

By Paul Rezendes, Berkley Books NYNY 1999

Tracking is a skill usually associated with traditional hunters although, ironically, modern tracker Paul Rezendes regards hunting as a cruel and unnecessary anachronism. Working in the admittedly humble wilderness of New Jersey, Rezendes' clientele consists entirely of non-hunters who come to him seeking techniques to acquire direct relations with wild animals and the natural world.

This, his new book, subtitled *Adventures in Nature and Animal Teachings*, Rezendes joins a select group of nature writers who emphasize first-hand experience over researched information. In Rezendes world, animals exude a practical intelligence which is comprehended by walking in their tracks and learning to think like they do. In this game, the predators are always on the offensive, while the prey learn the method as a survival teaching.

Rezendes book describes tracking as a dance and a drama. While reading it, I thought of ballet dancers onstage at Lincoln Center just 70 miles away from the bobcats and rabbits enacting their own graceful dance in the winter snow of the Pine Barrens.

...With great cunning, the cat had picked a place where a downed tree blocked the hare's run. The tree



Cocle Pot design (Panama 15th century)

trunk was close to the ground, but with enough room for a hare to squeeze underneath. Well-worn tracks told us that this is just what the hare had been doing. The cat had hidden itself behind a stump just past the fallen tree, so it wouldn't be seen by a snowshoe hare coming down the run until the hare ducked under a tree, came out the other side, and was face-to-face with the cat.

...Tracks told of tremendous leaps and zig-zag scurries. The hare streaked one way, then another, trying to throw the cat off. The bobcat chased the snowshoe hare for about a hundred yards, then gave up.

...In order to embrace the web of life yourself, try tracking an animal. You don't have to go to some exotic place. You don't have to track a bobcat, a mountain lion, or a wolf. You can track in your own backyard, in little pockets of woodland, in suburbia, or even in a city park. It doesn't matter what kind of animal you track.

Has Modernism Failed

By Suzi Gablik, Thames and Hudson, NYNY, 1984

The failure of science in the twentieth century is a failure in our collective perception of "object"—with the result that we see and describe the world as disconnected things without consciousness or mentorship. This soulless view of the world must be held at least obliquely responsible for the environmental problems of our day.

The failure of art in the twentieth century is a failure in our collective perception of "subject". Until the autocracy of Modernism took the art world by storm, artists had always served culture as teachers of perception, showing us how to know mystery, and live in right relationship to the world. So-called modern art changed all that so that today, art is actually marginalized

by the artists themselves, who insist their work must not mean anything and that they can not (and do not) bear responsibility for inspiring the greater community.

What we have lost by allowing art to promote the noncommittal, is the subject of Suzi Gablik's extraordinary book. She adds a deep ethical and social context to the cute myth of the lonely avant-garde artist as she confronts an art milieu that exists without purpose or moral authority.

Know this. Her criticism of the art scene underscores the prime reason this organization was founded in 1978. Read Gablik's book and you will understand better why IC has devoted the past 22 years sponsoring those few artists who eschew the urban art scene to create works meant to transform our culture's fundamental perceptions of nature and animals.

...Those who defend modernism claim that art need not serve any purpose but should create its own reality. (The composer Arnold Schonberg went so far as to declare that nothing done for a purpose could be art.) Abstract art brought into being not only a new aesthetic style, but also a change of understanding regarding the very *raison d'être* of art itself. For the committed Modernist, the self-sufficiency of art is its salvation. Aesthetic experience is an end in itself, worth having for its own account. The only way for art to preserve its truth is by maintaining its distance from the social world—by staying pure.

...As we move into postmodernism, we seem to be witnessing the rise of a new psychological type of artist: the bureaucratic or organizational personality who lives in a condition of submission to a cultural and economic power system because of the rewards of money and prestige which are offered in return for such submission. In America, this process is now far advanced as a new power elite of managers continues to grow and consolidate, encompassing all aspects of life. Thomas Whiteside has written eloquently in *The*

New Yorker about the corporate takeover of the publishing industry; the same tendencies now threaten all levels of the art world, where a commercial morality can only have the same effect on art as it had on book publishing: the promotion of mediocre work through aggressive forms of mass marketing and advertising.

Donating Stock

Speaking of the intersection where money meets art, one of our most endearing patrons recently asked if the 501(c)(3) IC was set up to receive stock donations. I told her we were legally eligible to do so, but didn't yet have an account with a brokerage. So she hit on the round-about plan of granting the stocks to a donor-advised foundation, which then sold them and granted the cash to IC.

Our lawyer tells us that setting up an investment account to receive stocks is a splendid idea. It is the best way for a non-profit to build up an endowment over time. But three things are essential:

1. A working knowledge of the stock market.
2. A portfolio of relatively non-volatile stocks—so we don't get overstressed and forget what it is we really do.
- 3., A nest egg of at least \$75,000, that offers enough annual interest to make it worthwhile.

We have the first, are now researching the second, and have none of the third.

Stock donations can potentially provide a sponsor with a larger tax deduction than a cash donation, because you claim current market value for the stock at the moment of transference.

As this newsletter goes to press, IC is applying for an online investing account. If you are interested in supporting us through a gift of stock equities, please contact Jim or Katy at:

360.378.5186.